The Alaskan Churchman

XLIX FEBRUARY, 1954 Number

Missionary District of Alaska

Office
Box 441
Fairbanks, Alaska

THE BISHOP
The Rt. Rev. William J. Gordon, Jr., D.D.

THE SECRETARY-TREASURER
Miss Blanche Myers

THE COUNCIL OF ADVICE

The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton
The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Mr. Edward V. Davis
Mr. Harry Knights
Dr. W. M. Whitehead

THE EXAMINING CHAPLAINS

The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton

THE CHANCELLOR
Mr. Edward V. Davis

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

Mrs. Edward Meier, President
816 F Street, Anchorage, Alaska

Mrs. Frank Webb
Treasurer and Custodian of the U.T.O.
Wrangell, Alaska

NON-PAROCHIAL CLERGY

The Reverend E. A. McIntosh, retired
Roslyn, Washington

The Reverend Arthur G. Fullerton, retired
19th and Landes
Port Townsend, Washington

The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

The Alaskan Churchman
Founded in 1906
Published Quarterly in the Interest of the Missionary District of Alaska of the Protestant Episcopal Church
Rt. Rev. William J. Gordon, Jr., Editor
Miss Blanche Myers, Business Mgr.
Subscription Price One Dollar A Year
Please make checks and money orders payable to THE ALASKAN CHURCHMAN
(Box 441)
Fairbanks, Alaska
Member National Diocesan Press

FEBRUARY, 1954

BISHOP GORDON DOUBLY HONORED

By The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton

As this issue of the Alaskan Churchman is being assembled, we in the Missionary District of Alaska are not quite sure at any given moment where our Bishop is. We know he is somewhere in the United States trying desperately to be three different places at once, to satisfy all the demands for his presence, and to do all the work that National Council, the Bishops of Florida, the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce, and dozens of other people have laid out for him.

It all began something like this. Over a year ago Bishop Gordon was selected one of sixteen outstanding missionaries of all Churches to participate in the 1954 Florida Chain of Missionary Assemblies. This is an annual interdenominational event in that state, consisting of an intensive campaign of education and inspiration. The chosen leaders sweep through the major population centers of the state, meeting and speaking to thousands daily. It invilves a killing schedule for the participants without any extras added.

A few weeks before the Bishop was to leave for Florida, there came a telephone call from Tulsa, Oklahoma, from the headquarters of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. Bishop Gordon had been selected one of the ten outstanding young men in the country, and could be just come to Seattle on a certain day to be honored and receive his award? On that particular day, he was to be in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Bishop Gordon receiving the Jaycee award in Seattle.—AP Photo

After hurried correspondence and phone calls a fantastic schedule was worked out; one which contained a generous portion of faith in airline timetables, the weather, and Seattle traffic. We have just received word that he made it all right. He rushed from his last engagement in Florida to an airplane. When this landed in Seattle, he was bundled into a waiting car and with police sirens screaming was transported wildly to the Civic Auditorium in Seattle. There he paused long enough to receive the honor bestowed upon him before another dash took place, back to Florida.

We think he is in Florida now—someplace—although we've no idea where. By the time he gets back here next week he will have traveled over 15,000 miles, and if in our guesswork, we happen to be so much as a half day off in recalling his schedule, we are likely to be 3000 miles off in estimating his whereabouts.

FIRST CONVOCATION of the WOMEN of THE DISTRICT

The Woman's Auxiliary in the Missionary District of Alaska has never been able to function like a normal diocesan group in the States because of the vast distances in Alaska. Never in the history of the Missionary District have we had a District-wide gathering of the women of the Church. When one considers that the District of Alaska extends for a distance of two thousand miles over 586,000 square miles of territory, then one understands the problems involved.

However, we have never been happy with this situation and an epoch-making step was taken when the women of the Convocation of Southeastern Alaska assembled together for the first time in Ketchikan, November 6-8, 1953. To our knowledge this was the first gathering of Church women ever undertaken in the District.

Delegates came to Ketchikan from the women's groups in Sitka, Juneau, Petersburg and Wrangell as well as from the two churches in Ketchikan. In addition, Miss Laura Chapman, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Chapman of Sitka, came to the conference from the fishing village of Craig, where she is teaching in the public schools this year.

In the States when women of the Church gather, they almost always pour out of private cars at their destination. Every one of the delegates to this convocation arrived at the Ketchikan dock in a twin-engined flying boat since there are no roads connecting the island communities of Southeastern Alaska. Many of the delegates traveled over 500 miles in making this historic trip to Ketchikan.

Whenever we plan a new thing there is always the fear that it will not be a success and we particularly felt this in preparing for the first time for a gathering of the women of Alaska. Yet everyone who attended this conference came away richly blessed and our leader and speaker, Mrs. Robert Miller, was largely responsible for this success.

Mrs. Miller traveled well over a thousand miles coming to us from her home in Seattle where she has been very active in the work of the women in the Diocese of Olympia. Mrs. Miller presented the challenge of the Church in a deeply spiritual and compelling way, and yet at the same time she revealed the practical aspects of the Woman's Auxiliary with such useful simplicity that no one could have failed to return home without a great deal of help in making the women's activities in her own church more effective. In addition, Mrs. Miller gave the conference a glimpse of the scope and depth of the Woman's Auxiliary as a whole and helped us to realize anew that the Woman's Auxiliary is not largely a parochial group but consists of women of the Church working and praying together for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

The conference opened on Friday evening with a dinner at St. John's Church. The members of the group were introduced and Bishop Gordon spoke briefly on the aims of the conference.

On Saturday morning, following Holy Communion at St. Elizabeth's, breakfast was served by ladies of St. Elizabeth's Guild. The rest of the morning was devoted to a quiet time led by the Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins of St. John's and the Rev. Lewis Hodgkins of St. Elizabeth's.

Most of the afternoon session was given over to Mrs. Miller and to a brief business session at which time the Woman's Auxiliary of the Convocation of Southeastern Alaska was officially organized. Mrs. Hugh Hall of Wrangell was elected President and Mrs. Art Ivey, also of Wrangell, was elected Secretary. Following an invitation from the ladies of Sitka, the group voted to meet for the second time in Sitka in the fall of 1954. It was also voted that the Southeastern Convocation take as a project the underwriting of the cost of a delegate from Southeastern Alaska to the Triennial Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary which will meet in Houston in 1955. It was suggested that each group attempt to raise at least $35.00 yearly for the next two years to take care of

Delegates to the First Convocation of the District, from Sitka, Petersburg, Wrangell, Juneau, Craig, and from the host churches, St. John's and St. Elizabeth's of Ketchikan. Mrs. Robert Miller of the Diocese of Olympia was the guest speaker.

the expenses of the Convocational delegate.

Following the business session the delegates were the guests of St. John's Church at a Parish Dinner. Following introduction, Bishop Gordon spoke to the group and also showed slides of the work around the District of Alaska. The Conference closed with a corporate communion at St. John's Sunday morning.

The major credit for this gathering must go to the Dean of Convocation of Southeastern Alaska, the Rev. John Kenneth Watkins. Fr. Watkins pushed the project and made almost all the arrangements for the Conference. He persuaded his women and those of St. Elizabeth's to provide the hospitality and also to prepare all the meals for the Conference. This was no small feat, particularly when we remember that these same women entertained the clergy of the District at the District Clergy Conference in Ketchikan last spring. On both occasions the ladies did a wonderful job and we owe them a great debt of gratitude.

Our first Alaskan women's gathering is now history. Certainly the fifteen women who attended the conference in Ketchikan were richly rewarded. It is our hope now that some time in 1954 the women of the Anchorage Convocation may also be able to get together in a similar way and that some day all the women of the District may come together for Christian fellowship and inspiration and for strengthening the work of the Church in Alaska.

Our District Family is growing fast, with two additions in December. Robert Edward Grumbine arrived in Valdez on December 23 and Melissa Ann Hall in Wrangell on December 31. We welcome them to our Alaskan family.

"ORDINATION ANVIK"

By The Rev. Norman Elliott

On the 13th day of December in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Three, while the townspeople trembled in their homes, a little yellow plane roared down the Municipal Airstrip of Eagle, Alaska, bounced into the air, shrugged its wings, and banked over the Yukon River. As the residents relaxed their nervous vigil, the little plane zoomed skyward and began its erratic flight to the West. Two hours later, after hopping many snow-capped peaks and following the wrong river, the little yellow plane plummeted out of the blue and leapfrogged down the runway of Phillips Field. Phase I of "Ordination Anvik" was happily concluded—I had arrived at Fairbanks.

On the 14th day of December, a silver plane, piloted by the Bishop, bearing the title "The Blue Box", sped swiftly down the airstrip at Fairbanks, rose smoothly and gracefully into the air, and headed unerringly for Nenana. Twenty-five minutes later it glided gently on to the snow-covered Nenana field. Phase II was done.

Shortly afterward, with another passenger aboard, the plane lifted from the field and began the long, four hundred mile flight to Southwestern Alaska. Three and one-half hours later, after crossing mile upon mile of flat land snow-covered, wind-swept and trackless; after soaring over treeless caps and tree-filled valleys of many mountains; after flying a straight course over the serpentine windings of many rivers, the plane lowered to the landing strip marked on the river ice. Thus Phase III was sucessfully completed as the Bishop, the Rev. Cameron Harriot and I disembarked at Anvik on the Lower Yukon River.

To Christ Church, our oldest Mission in Alaska, we were welcomed by the young Deacon destined to be our newest priest. And though the day was cold with a biting wind, we were spiritually warmed by Glen Wilcox' greeting and soon physically warmed by the splendid supper prepared by his wife, Joan, and Miss Else Smithcors. Then followed a long evening, or rather, night, of pleasant talk for we had much to learn about each other and much to share. Long after midnight the close friends, who a few hours before had been strangers, separated by hundreds of miles, stumbled to their beds.

The 15th day of December, "Ordination Day", dawned bright, clear and cold. Preparations for the service to be held that evening kept everyone busy. There were fires to be built in the church, the examination of the Ordinand to be conducted, ice to be hauled and melted for drinking water, meals to be prepared, pictures to be taken, the postoffice manned, a radio schedule met, and all activities cheerfully and frequently suspended as visitors arrived to greet the Bishop.

Nor was the Mission alone a scene of activity. In the village, people were welcoming arrivals from other villages and the wife of the trader was busily engaged in putting the finishing stitches to a very beautiful pair of mukluks to be worn by the Ordinand. But eventually all was readied; evening arrived and the church bell rang out to summon her people to the joyful service.

And they came. From the length and breadth of the village they came. The men and women and children of Anvik, and the men from Holigachuk and Shageluk who had driven their dogteams for over twenty-five miles through a bitter wind, crowded into the tiny church. Never had the Bishop seen Christ Church so full; never had the Anvik hills echoed to such loud and joyous singing. Here was tangible witness of the vastness and oneness of the Family—the people of Anvik, Holikachuk and Shageluk assembled to watch and gladly accept the priesting of a young man who had come from far to lead them in the way to God;

At Christ Church Mission, Anvik. From left to right: Our newest priest, The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox, Bishop Gordon, The Rev. Cameron Harriot, St. Mark's, Nenana, and The Rev. Norman Elliott, St. Paul's and St. John's, Eagle.

the two priests participating in the service witnessing to the wideness of the Family within Alaska; and the Bishop, symbol of the agelessness of the Family which reaches back to touch the Past and claims the Future. And outside on the ice-covered river, the silver plane with "The Blue Box" painted on its sides, stood as an eloquent, though mute, witness to the Family which extends beyond all shores of land, nationality and race.

The Rev. Cameron Harriot preached the sermon and gave the charge to the Ordinand in wise and thought-provoking words; and I presented the Ordinand to the Bishop. I write "I presented" but in reality it was they who had truly examined him, accepted, and now presented him. It was in their stead my hands were placed over those of the Bishop as their Deacon knelt to rise their Priest.

For this moment we had traveled hundreds of miles; for this moment Glen had prepared and studied for years; for this moment the people of Anvik had long and prayerfully waited. The service was not ended as Glen had stood up—indeed there was much to follow. Yet, it was at this point that we could write across the face of "Ordination Anvik" the joyful words, "Thanks be to God—Mission Accomplished".

ORDINATION AT ALLAKAKET AND TANANA

By The Rev. Richard T. Lambert

The year 1953 closed with five ordinations to the priesthood. Ordinations, like Consecrations, have usually taken place in large city churches or cathedrals—the congregations composed of countless visitors from many parishes, the chancels crowded with guest choirs, numerous visiting Bishops and Priests. This was more or less true of the first ordination of 1953 when Lewis Hodgkins was advanced to the priesthood during the clergy conference which was held in April in Ketchikan. But the other four ordinations of the year were held in four separate places. Several Alaskan villages have been the sites of the ordinations this year — in churches where the local inhabitants have taken key roles; in villages which can best be reached by plane; in areas to which the "Blue Box" must fly with the Bishop and any nearby clergy who can be squeezed in for the trip; in churches where the Ordinand has lived, worked, taught and shared his inmost life and thoughts with other villagers of the Christian community. By "outside" standards the services have been small but certainly they have been tremendous in the eyes of God and to the privileged mission stations. The ordinations have been inspirational to all participants—the services have brought new life to Alaska. The immediate impact has been great but of more importance, the services will be the keystones to greater glory for the Missionary District of Alaska and for the world-wide Christian Church.

On Monday, November 30, Bishop Gordon flew the "Blue Box" into Fort Yukon to collect the Rev. Richard Lambert and the Rev. Norman Elliott of Eagle. Unfortunately, the latter was not able to make connections, because of a heavy low ceiling up the Yukon. The flying hours are at a precious premium this time of year so the Bishop felt obliged to fly on without Mr. Elliott. The flight to Allakaket was very clear and calm. The plane took off and was flown eight miles south to the Arctic Circle. When the Bishop contacted the Circle, he attached the "Blue Box" to the "circle-cable", so that the plane could fly the 200 westward miles by itself!! When Allakaket was sighted, exactly the same distance north of the Circle as Fort Yukon, the Bishop again took the controls,, buzzed the river for a possible landing strip but decided to land on the field with skis.

The Rev. Richard Miller and nearly all the villagers were on hand to greet the arrivals. It was another wonderful tribute to the past and present Bishop to see the love for this office. Some gear was put on a sled and the rest was carried to the mission house by the welcoming committee. Many people had returned from their trap lines for the great occasion so that the little village was full. It was decided to have the service Monday evening, St. Andrew's Day. Word traveled quickly, the mission house was crowded with greeters and workers -— the women worked feverishly upstairs to ready the twenty new choir robes and cottas — and the men and children waited for additional instructions. All were anxious to begin the peal of the bell.

Allakaket is located on the Koyukuk River near its union with the Alatna River. The homes line both sides of the river. For nearly fifty years the Episcopal Church has worked with the people of this region and there are two distinct races—of Indians and Eskimos. The faithfulness, sincerity and devotion of both groups are a living witness of the truth that we are all God's children and that all people can worship, work and live together if the Holy Spirit is the guiding influence.

The Millers were not idle during the afternoon. They were guiding the preparations for the service, supervising the sewing, watching their village

St. James Church, Tanana. From left to right: Bishop Gordon, The Rev. Walter W. Hannum and The Rev. Richard T. Lambert.

store, taking official weather readings, stamping letters in their office of postmaster, carrying on with a medical clinic and making the visitors comfortable.

The time for the service arrived and all the people were assembled, the choir beautifully robed, in place, the Bishop, Priest and Deacon present. Mr. Lambert was the only priest so he busied himself preaching, presenting Mr. Miller to the Bishop, reading the epistle and litany and assisting with the Communion. The Holy Spirit was present in this remote village as He is present in our cathedrals; the people were inspired and enthusiastic worshippers. The ordained priest, Mr. Miller, felt new strength as he received the indwelling might of the Holy Spirit, received the blessing of the Bishop, and heard the prayers of his wife, Anita, and those of his large family in God. It was sad for many to hear the final benediction but the people were proud to have their own priest to live, worship and to share in their lives. For the first time in the forty-seven year history of our work on the Koyukuk River, an ordination service had been held there.

Snow fell Tuesday, December 1, so there was an opportunity to visit the store, church and to walk to the frozen river. While it was rather chilly outside (16 below zero), the Bishop thought it would be fine day to make ice cream. Of course, the two lowly priests went to the river for the ice while the Bishop prepared the ingredients; but all hands turned the crank. The mission household ate a gallon of fresh chocolate ice cream for dinner.

Wednesday morning the overcast was thick and low. The Bishop and Mr. Lambert took off at daybreak (9:30 a.m.) but were forced back, finding no southern openings. The "Blue Box" was off again at 10:25 a.m. and climbed to great heights but overcast still covered the sky. By methodically

threading the plane through minute openings and ramming with full throttle stubborn clouds, the Bishop was able to arrive in Tanana on schedule.

Tanana is on the Tanana River 130 miles west of Fairbanks. The homes line the north bank. There is a 30-bed Alaskan Native Service Hospital and a large CAA Station. The visiting dominies were greeted by the Rev. Walter Hannum and by Dr. Jean Persons, the doctor in charge of the hospital. For two days the visitors were wonderfully taken care of by these two, the staff of the hospital and by Mr. and Mrs. Griese of the ANS school.

The Bishop showed his slides to the patients and staff of the hospital the first evening. The quiet of the ward was interrupted however, as each slide was shown. A patient from somewhere would exclaim: "Why, look at that! I know him", or "I've been there"! Everyone had a wonderful visit and it was obvious that all the patients have a great affection for Mr. Hannum.

Thursday morning was clear and cold. St. James' Church was crowded with more people than old-timers could recall. The Service of Ordination was as beautiful as the preceding one at Allakaket. The form was much the same because the Bishop and Mr. Lambert played the same roles as at Allakaket. When the Bishop ordained Mr. Hannum to the priesthood, the congregation was happy to a person. Again, this village was delighted to have taken active parts in the service and to have the new priest with them.

The service was followed by a reception at the ANS school. The village was present to congratulate and extend best wishes to Mr. Hannum who will live in Tanana and will serve several other missions. During the afternoon Mr. Hannum was giving final confirmation instructions to a group to be confirmed, the Bishop was planning future trips, and Mr. Lambert visited along "main" street. The evening service was Confirmation; two were confirmed into full fellowship with the Church and one was received. The Bishop preached to another full church of devoted people.

The final affair was a dance in the hospital recreation room. Because of the day's schedule, the new priest, the old priest and the young Bishop were forced to retire before the final dance. Word the next day was the dance in honor of Mr. Hannum lasted until breakfast but it was weathered through by young and old.

Early Friday morning was the time for the next departure. Mr. Hannum was taken to Steven's Village to celebrate Holy Communion and to stay for several days. Dr. Jean Persons was brought to Fort Yukon to help the

(Continued on page 13)

VALDEZ IS DIFFERENT

By The Rev. Robert Grumbine

Valdez in Summer

Back in sunny Virginia at Seminary, Bishop Gordon told us that Valdez had the heaviest snowfall of any town in Alaska. Not being discouraged by the statement of a natural fact, we accepted a National Council appointment to the Copper River and Prince William Sound Missions of the Church—Valdez and Cordova. After a ten-day trek by train and steamship from Baltimore, Md., we arrived in Valdez July 31, 1951, and were greeted at the dock by the Rev. Mervin Wanner, the departing veteran priest, and a handful of townspeople.

Valdez is located at the head of Prince William Sound and is the southern end of the Richardson Highway which intersects the Alaska Highway and which travels 350 odd miles north to Fairbanks. The town's history goes back to the gold mining days when prospectors and would-be prospectors literally poured over the dock, headed for some rich strike over what was then — and still is today — the shortest, most direct route to interior Alaska. At one time the local population numbered well into the thousands. Today, Valdez boasts 800 persons, one-quarter of whom are transient, with perhaps another 250 persons living in the surrounding area.

The economy of the town has completely changed, as has a large part of its population. There are very few old-timers, really very few old people. It is a young town in the average age of its inhabitants. Trucking is now the major industry with several independent trucking companies in Valdez competing with the government-owned Alaska Railroad from Seward for freight hauls to interior Alaska. The only real poverty in town of an economic nature is that which is largely self-inflicted due to the excessive use of alcoholic beverages, combined with poor management.

Frequently called the Switzerland of Alaska, Valdez is unsurpassed in sheer natural beauty. The Chugach range of mountains completely surround the town except for the harbor which is the northernmost ice-free port on the North American continent. The town has been built on glacial morain and is absolutely flat and totally inclosed within a dyke to ward off ambitious glacial streams. Physically, Valdez resembles many other communities but

sociologically, spiritually and culturally it is different. When people in the States think of Alaska, they visualize Eskimos, Indians, igloos, cold, ice, wind, etc.—seldom white people, modern conveniences, grocery stores, etc. Our work is entirely among white people. But because it is among white persons, this does not mean that it is not missionary work. Among the Native missions the Church is highly valued by the various congregations and peoples; it is a vital and meaningful part of their lives. Many of us serving in white missions would like to feel some of this same enthusiasm and vitality in the white work.

The frontier religious temperament still prevails in Valdez. The Christian religion is described in terms of negatives; positive values of a right and meaningful relation to Almighty God are often in the background. Sin is defined as smoking, going to movies, dancing, playing cards, wearing make-up, etc. This is the commonly accepted definition; therefore those persons who may engage in any of these activities do not normally attend Church —any Church—whether they personally accept these standards or not. It will always be the task of the Church to state clearly what the Christian faith teaches and this, primarily, is our missionary responsibility. But dissemination of information — secular or religious—is difficult; there is no radio, no newspaper. People do not attend Church. They do not support the local civic organizations and groups. One way we have met this situation is to distribute to all Post Office boxholders a general letter concerning some phase of the Christian faith, and this is written quarterly. After arriving in Valdez and beginning a systematic visitation of all homes, one of the first comments received was "I don't believe a minister has ever called in our home".

The job of the Church in Valdez is a challenge for here the stakes are high. The question: Can the Episcopal Church appeal to and successfully teach a largely non-Church-minded white population the basic tenents of the Christian religion to the point where it will become meaningful and vital to their individual and collective lives? As a missionary priest, I know by faith that this can be done. It will take time, it will take education, it will take prayers, and above all, it will take God the Holy Ghost, working within us all.

Our Church is the oldest of the five churches in town. The vicarage, constructed in 1939-40, is one of the most adequate dwellings in town, thanks to the planning of our predecessor, Father Wanner. The parish hall, needing many repairs, is still a very usable structure. Since our arrival, it has been practically renovated and is now used for most civic functions. The public school has rented it this year for use as a kindergarten. In the late afternoons and evening, groups such as the Women's Civic Club, Sportsmen's Club, Alcoholics Anonymous, American Legion, rent the hall for a nominal sum. The Chamber of Commerce, the Alaska Crippled Children's Association, the Teen-Age Club have all used the facilities of this building, which consists of one large room, roughly 25'x25'. The second floor cannot be used at all until it is wired, insulated and heated — which really means complete renovation. Believing that a church must be community-minded, we initiated the Brownies, the Girl Scouts, the Cub Scouts, and the Boy Scouts. The Cubs have since been sponsored by another organizatons, but the other three units have been extremely successful, thanks largely to Mrs. Grumbine's experience with Girl Scouting and the faithfulness and work of a very cooperative group of parents who formed the first troop committee.

In September, 1951, we began a Sunday Church School with about a dozen children and three teachers. Our enrollment is now 50 children and a staff of six adults. Any visual success—if it can be called that—has been with the children and young teen-agers. One of the most phenomenal occurrences in our work for the year 1953 is the fact that our Church School contributed more than one-third of the total pledges and plate

Valdez in Winter

offerings of the entire congregation.

The Women's Guild work, reactivated nearly two years ago, has taken a firm grip on a small (eight women) but dedicated group of Church women.

Deserving of much credit is our layreader, Ralph Johnson, who regularly conducts church and preaches every fourth Sunday in the month while I am serving the Cordova congregation. It has only been through his efforts that church services are held weekly. This, too, is one of the handicaps of our growth in both Cordova and Valdez. A resident priest should be assigned to each place. The point of diminishing returns has been reached. Our Bishop is aware of this yet does not have the necessary budget funds to place a resident priest in Cordova, which is 90 miles away from Valdez and accessible only via air or water. It is hoped that such will become possible in the immediate future.

Our Sunday morning congregations have been averaging 15 persons, only a fractional percentage of them being parents of Church School children. It has been our plan to provide a spiritual home not only for Episcopalians but members of all the major Protestant denominations as well. Our Church is the only Church in Valdez holding membership in the National Council of Churches, consequently of the 15 persons attending Church (who are seldom the same each Sunday), nearly half of them are non-Anglicans.

There are many tasks besides those connected with Church duties which make the comment "never a dull moment" quite realistic. These include substitute teaching in the public school, serving as Territorial Welfare Agent, volunteer fireman (the firehouse is directly across the street from the church), timekeeper at the local basketball games, etc.

What of the future? Each year as our highway system improves, we see more clearly the opportunities of a mobile ministry in the lower Richardson Highway area. At the present time this would be feasible, provided (1) a rseident clergyman could be procured for Cordova; (2) a station wagon could be obtained for this type of mobile ministry. The future of the Church lies in teaching—teaching what historic Christianity is, what the Church is, and the relationship of families to God's purpose for all of us.

We have but one request: that you who have read this article will pray that God will give us the stamina and the strength to be His tools in this area of the Missionary District of Alaska.

"That it may please Thee to preserve all who travel by land, by water, or by air" . . . "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord"

By The Rev. L. Russell Clapp

For several years, since January, 1950, to be exact, I have gone to the Kenai area for services. At times this was fairly regular and then it faded out as various families moved away. In August of this year regular services were once again held in Kenai. Sunday, October 18, now becomes a memorable day for we have finally organized a congregation and set up a Bishop's committee. A discussion took place at the September service and the name finally settled upon by those present was "The Church of St. Michael's and All Angels". There are six candidates for confirmation and five for baptism. Perhaps things are a little different at St. Michael's but necessity is often the mother of invention. We meet at present in the C.A.A. Recreation Hall and certainly a vote of thanks is due the C.A.A. for providing this quonset hut and the light and the heat. We celebrate the Holy Eucharist at an evening service and follow this with a study course based on the Church's book "The Worship of the Church". Eventually we shall need some land and a church building of our own.

This particular Sunday was a beautiful day and it is difficult to describe the majesty of the road winding through the mountains for some 60 miles from Seward and then dropping down to the flatlands bordering Cook Inlet for another forty or so miles. There was to be added adventure on this trip for one of St. Peter's people now lives in Seldovia and has a new baby. I had agreed to go down and baptize the new one. If there was any change in plans, I was to be notified by radio telegraph at Kenai on Monday morning. Monday arrived, and the radio telegraph consulted, only to discover that contact could not be made between there and Seldovia. It being a beautiful day, with not much wind, nor seeming reason why the man in Seldovia could not bring his boat to Homer to meet me, I went merrily on my way. As one approaches Homer, 89 miles from Kenai, the road winds along the top of a great bench sometimes as much as 750 feet above the Inlet. Gradually one drops down into the town of Homer. I went out to the Spit as it is called and found no boat. No one seemed to know anything about it. So a long wait ensued. Meanwhile, in a restaurant, I found another church family and plans were made for a get-together on my next trip over in November. At four o'clock there is a radio listening period for messages from Seldovia and up and down the coast. This time a connection was made and I found that there had been a message for me to take the mail boat over. But the mail boat having gone before I arrived in Homer, there was nothing to do but wait for the next listening time at 9:30 the next day. The next morning I talked to my friend over the radio and discovered that he had had a flash burn during some welding and that was why he had not come to get me and had sent word for me to take the mail boat. Now, he wanted me to fly over. There is a small plane that flies people back and forth but I have never cared much for small planes. Give me a stout boat and I don't care how rough it gets, but when one of those little things that doesn't seem strong enough to hold together, gets to bouncing around with no place to get off, I get jittery, so I told my friend I thought I would try to get over the next time I came down — and headed the hundred eighty miles or so for home.

To make a long story short, I drove about ten miles arguing with myself that this was a very silly procedure on my part and I thought of the phrase

The Civil Aeronautics Association of Kenai have loaned their recreation hall (the Quonset Hut) for services on the third Sunday of every month.

in the Litany which we say so often and the fact that the pilot certainly would not fly something that wasn't safe and that after all I was on the Lord's business, and that I asked others to trust me with their spiritual well-being, and where was my faith. So I turned around and went back and chartered the plane to take me over. It was really rather pleasant and I suppose when one gets used to it, it will be as commonplace as any other mode of travel. We took off and were in Seldovia in fifteen minutes. While there a baby was baptized and the Holy Eucharist celebrated.

The next day the weather was quite nasty and no planes were flying so I used the old tried and true mail boat. This, by the way, took two hours to make the run. We could not land at the dock for the waves were beating too high, but we could get behind a spit and anchor and row a small boat ashore, with me, the pasesnger and the U. S. mail.

I picked up the car I had left at the airfield, discovering later that some kind soul had relieved me of about 5 gallons of gas and made a good run back to Seward. So ended a successful three and one-half days' journey, covering 444 miles of travel by land, by water, and by air, with a new congregation launched and the possibility of another on the way.

ORDINATION . . .

(Continued from page 8)

staff conduct a 24 hour clinic. Mr. Lambert stayed in Fort Yukon and the Bishop flew home to Fairbanks.

The trip was over. The villages of Allakaket and Tanana have new, resident priets and will be encouraged to greater work. Alaska has been strengthened by these services but we must never forget the new priests or their people. Let us help them and their loved ones with our prayers so that we may all grow and move forward together on our common journey of bringing the message of Christ to all people.

CHRISTMAS AT FORT YUKON

By Jean E. Aubrey, P. H. N.

Many of you helped to make Christmas, 1953, at the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital a time we will never forget. Because all of us, staff and patients, had such a memorable celebration we would like to share our experience with you. It's hard to know where to begin but perhaps the weather is as good a subject as any, since most of our friends and relatives picture us as freezing. We felt particularly fortunate this Christmas for the temperature stayed around zero and only after the holiday did it drop to -50 degrees. The scenery is beautiful, thanks to a good snowfall and the 2:00 P.M. sunsets over the Yukon River are spectacular.

We need buy no artificial window decorations here; our frost patterns are the real thing, with ice as much as an inch thick on the inside of the windows. The icicles on the roof are real too, and became so huge that they must be knocked off before they fall and injure someone. We have four lighted spruce trees, one big one in front of the hospital, a small one in the entrance hall and medium size trees in the TB ward and the upstairs sitting room. Also in the entrance hall is a beautiful creche, sent last year by the artist who made the figurines. One unusual addition to the manger scene is a small Eskimo child bearing a fish as his gift.

A battalion from Ladd Air Force Base thought up a novel way of bringing Christmas cheer to the children of Fort Yukon. They prepared small parachutes of handkerchiefs tied to packages of candy and gum which were released from an Air Force plane over the heads of the waiting children. Then the plane landed and the crew gave out boxes of oranges, apples and nuts, and many small toys for the Mission staff to distribute later. That was the morning of December 21; that afternoon Santa Claus set up headquarters in the Mission living room and every child in the village was given a real Christmas treat. Most of the gifts were contributed by church groups in the States and there were enough to supply our out-stations as well as this village.

The next two days Santa Claus, the Rev. Mr. Lambert, and our local bush pilot visited the small villages near here, bringing much happiness to those very isolated children. Mr. Fairchild, the pilot, is an expert at finding these tiny settlements, even when visibility was as poor as it was those two days, and he donated his services so that Christmas joy could be brought to even the most remote areas.

Our old church building is being used this year as a classroom by the Alaska Native Service School, and it was the site of the annual Christmas program put on by all the school children. Each age group contributed a different part, beginning with the smallest children who convulsed the audience with a very loud rendition of "Up on the Housetops". Taffeta dresses from Sears Roebuck were the prevailing style for the girls but to us the most interesting part of the outfits were the new boots. Everyone has new boots at Christmas time, usually made of caribou calf skin and decorated with wide bands of the beadwork the women here do so well. There was a tableau depicting the birth of Christ, the visitation of the shepherds and the coming of the Magi, with appropriate carols sung by a girls' choir. The final play was a condensed version of Dickens' Christmas Carol. The old English phrases of the play are not the easiest imaginable for children who speak our language only in school and we were all agreeably surprised that they were able to manage so well. These villagers love to sing and after the performance they made the rafters ring with all the best known Christmas carols and hymns.

The Christmas celebration of the Holy Communion was held Christmas Eve beginning at 11:30. Everyone attended and there was scarcely stand-

ing room for the overflow crowd. All of you who have attended such services know how impressive they are but here in this faraway Arctic village the Christmas message holds an even more special meaning to those of us from the Outside. The knowledge of the successful work done by our predecessors humbles us; the trust of these people in the Faith that we represent makes us realize that we must never fail them; their faith in the goodness of God, even in the face of their many hardships, is a challenge to all of us.

Christmas morning in the tuberculosis wards was great fun. Each patient quickly discovered the stocking tied to his bed, and no time was wasted in consuming the apples, oranges, candy and nuts. It may not have been a well-balanced breakfast but dietetics went out the window that morning. Ned Thomas, our 76 year old Native layreader is now a patient here, and he choked up with fits of laughter when he found a tiny celluloid doll in his stocking. He says it's a fine baby and never gives him any trouble. After prayers the big excitement began. Seven of our patients are small children and they provided amusement for all when Santa Claus arrived with a bulging pack of gifts. Four-year-old Sonny opened a package containing a rag doll and lost interest in everything else. He hugged it, talked to it, and played with it until someone else had to help him open his other gifts. Winston and Sally apparently had never experienced such a generous Christmas and their reaction was so wide-eyed as to make us wish that the donors of the gifts could watch their joy. Someone sent a small illustrated Bible which arrived the day before Christmas and it was given to Stanley, one of our older patients. He has repeatedly told us since that it is the nicest gift he ever received. Another gift for the whole ward was a bookcase filled with the many fine books friends of the hospital have sent, a selection especially suited to the needs here.

All during Christmas Day, except for rest hours, families and friends of the patients flocked in to admire the

tree and the gifts and to bring cheer to the shut-ins. Our dinner was memorable too. A parishioner in Anchorage provided the entire meal for us, having written a letter giving us free rein in ordering everything necessary for staff and patients alike. The TB patients had their own turkey carved at their own table and served on the new unbreakable blue dishes which were also the result of gifts of money. Little Beverly took one look at the turkey and remarked, "Oh, he took all his clothes off". There wasn't enough of that bird left after dinner to make soup for another meal. The staff, 24 of us, sat down to one long table with a large turkey at each end and all the holiday dishes arranged in between. We all enjoyed the wonderful meal but it was probably appreciated most by our newest patient. She came in at 11:30 that day and at 12:32 P.M. her baby daughter was born. There's nothing nicer than a new baby on Christmas Day and little Mary Rose was especially welcome because she was the first girl born to that family. Her timely arrival also enabled her mother to partake of the holiday meal, and there was nothing left of the turkey and trimmings on the tray when she finished.

As I write this the children in the wards are waking up from their afternoon naps, the toys are being brought out for more play, temperatures are being taken and pills passed out. It seems much like any other day. An emergency case was just sent to Fairbanks; a tooth was pulled during clinic hours; twenty-four bottles of formula have just been sterilized and put away and the clinic bench is finally free of its afternoon load of parka-clad children. But the fine memories of another Christmas in Fort Yukon remain, and our grateful thanks go out to all of you who have helped make our celebration so successful. May your New Year be brightened with the knowledge that you have assisted in bringing joy to this part of Christ's family.

THE FLYING BISHOP

The following is a log of Bishop Gordon's travels during the first six months of 1953 by plane in carrying on the work of the Missionary District of Alaska.

We get so many inquiries for information about the Bishop's work, from Woman's Auxiliaries, Youth Organizations, Sunday Schools, etc., that we are including this portion of the plane's log in the hope that it will answer some of the inquiries. Some of the incidents mentioned in the following pages have appeared in more detail in previous issues of the Churchman, but our mailing list is growing steadily and there will be many who have not seen the other numbers.

Although the clergy in the interior of Alaska still occasionally make use of the dogteam to get to their outstations, from this log you can easily see what wouldn't have been accomplished in these six months if the Bishop had not been able to fly a plane.

Jan. 2. (Flying old Yellow Pacer while "the Blue Box" is getting some work done on the engine.) Flew 270 miles to McGrath en route to Anvik. Temp. about zero. Refueled at McGrath. No weather reports from Anvik area. Good here. Encountered low ground fog with some holes about 25 miles from Anvik. Solid over Anvik. Spotted village of Holikachuk through fog. Circled through hole nearby and got over Shageluk Slough, but fog so low and Slough so crooked had to land on Slough on skis. Down OK. However, while taxiing, left ski broke through ice and snapped in middle, so guess plane will be here awhile. Not sure whether I am up or downstream from Holikachuk. Walked about four miles up but no luck. Unloaded plane and started to make camp. Not too cold but getting colder. About zero now. Decided to try my plane radio in case someone might just possibly hear me, but know no regular stations here. Told of my plight in the blind and asked that dogteams be sent out if anyone heard my transmission. Not very likely that anyone heard my broadcast. About 6 p.m. very much surprised to hear an answering shout when I yelled a couple of times in case I am nearer Holikachuk than I thought, and later two men from Holikachuk came over the bank with a dogteam and took me back four miles to Holikachuk. One of the men in the village had accidentally heard my transmission whlie tuning another station and passed word out and six teams had gone to search.

Jan. 3. Went with several men to chip plane out of ice and lift it up and get it on solid ice. Found left ski broken in middle and one wing strut bent while getting plane out. Sent message for parts and word of my whereabouts but unable to get contact with any other stations. Had service in St. Paul's Chapel here in the evening.

Jan. 4. Still trying to get word out, no luck. Another service in church, and baptized a newborn baby in the home.

Jan. 5. Finally got message out and word to my wife and to Anvik that I am all right.

Jan. 6. Flew to Anvik with mail plane and then back to Shageluk with plane and Miss Mary Irwin Gordon, Anvik nurse, to see a patient who is quite ill. Returned to Anvik and celebrated the Holy Communion and preached that night.

Jan. 7. Flew to McGrath with mail plane; caught another flight to Anchorage, and then to Fairbanks in time to take my wife out to dinner (late) as a delayed birthday celebration.

Jan. 10. Flew to Anchorage with the Air Force. Visited All Saints' Parish for Confirmation, also Fort Richardson and the military port of Whittier.

Jan. 15. To Seward on train for visitation at St. Peter's.

Jan. 19. Bus to Anchorage. Icy trip — I the only passenger — would rather have been flying.

Jan. 20. Returned to Fairbanks in an Air Force plane.

Jan. 31. Flew in "Blue Box" 130 miles to Tanana—mission now vacant —temperature there minus twenty and windy.

Feb. 1. Service in St. James' Church and returned to Fairbanks.

Feb. 7. Flew to Tanacross (170 miles)—mission vacant; manned by a young layman.

Feb. 8. Celebrated Holy Communion and preached at St. Timothy's and baptized a child. Flew forty miles to Tetlin, taking along our lay minister and the Public Health nurse for this area (a bad flu epidemic at Tetlin). 7:30 p.m. at Tetlin: Evening Prayer, Confirmation and Sermon.

Feb. 9. Officiated at funeral of young girl who had died during flu epidemic. Flew back to Tanacross with John Dixon and nurse Myren after making them walk a mile and a half from the airfield to Skater's Lake —not enough snow on airfield to get off on skis because of high winds. Dropped passengers and tried to make Fairbanks, but had to turn back to Tanacross because of fog near Big Delta. John and I went to Tok Junction in the truck for dinner. I don't thrive on his bachelor cooking and we were considerably short of grub in the ten by ten "Rectorette" at Tetlin last night!

Feb. 10. Flew to Fairbanks without trouble.

Feb. 12. Wtih the Rev. Gordon Charlton flew to Holikachuk via McGrath. Encountered snow flurries near Holikachuk and had to land for a few minutes on the Innoko River for weather to clear. At Holikachuk got dogteams and took spare parts to disabled plane on the Slough. Installed ski and strut easily and was able to get the plane started and off the slough by skidding around on the tight bends. Landed at Holikachuk. Mr. Charlton came in with the dogs and we started with both planes for Anvik (25 miles away), but Mr. Charlton lost me in the dusk and returned to Holikachuk (wisely). I landed at Anvik and stayed over night.

Feb. 13. 8:30 a.m. Celebrated Holy Communion in Christ Church. During service Mr. Charlton flew in with Pacer. Bad weather kept us at Anvik today.

Feb. 14. Returned to Fairbanks (450 miles) with both planes. I landed at Nenana to pick up a sack of mission potatoes to take to Point Hope next week—all out there.

Feb. 21. Flew to Allakaket, en route to Point Hope (700 miles). Stayed over night for conferences with Miss Hill and Miss Kay at Allakaket about their retirement this summer.

Feb. 22. Got up long before daylight to heat engine with fire pot and get early start in order to reach Point Hope for service this morning (450 miles). Temp. minus 35; little cool but toughest job is trying to keep those potatoes from freezing in getting them from the mission to the plane. Off at 7 a.m. and landed at Pt. Hope 3½ hours later, thanks to a tail wind. 11:00 a.m. St. Thomas' Church, Pt. Hope: Celebrated Holy Communion, baptized ten and confirmed four. 178 in church. Remained until 26th for several services. Mission under care of layman, Page H. Kent.

Feb. 26. Flew 150 miles northeast to our northernmost mission station, Point Lay. Low fog near Point Lay, but flew just over beach and got in OK. Saw hundreds of caribou along beach. 4:00 p.m. in school at Point Lay: Holy Communion, Confirmation and sermon and later had two private communions.

Feb. 27. Flew 160 miles to Kivalina. 4:00 p.m. Holy Communion, Confirmation, Baptism and sermon. 5:30 p.m. Private Communions. 9:00 p.m. Officiated at a wedding.

Feb. 28. Flew 60 miles to Noatak. 1:30 p.m. Holy Communion, Baptism and sermon in small cabin home there. Flew 60 miles to Kotzebue. Page Kent with me.

March 1. Sunday 10 a.m. Kotzebue School — Holy Communion, Baptism, Confirmation and sermon. Baptized three, confirmed five. Flew same day 460 miles to Fairbanks. Good to be home. Little low stuff up the Kobuk, but broke out beautifully over Hog River Hills.

March 5. Flew 310 miles to Cordova. Nice trip most of way but had to follow Copper River Canyon as usual into Cordova.

March 6. Service and Parish Dinner at St. George's.

March 7. Flew with the Rev. Robert

Grumbine to Valdez. Nice uneventful flight of 75 miles but Fr. Grumbine reminded me of the terrifically rough ride we had over same area last year! Remained in Valdez until 10th for services and other activities.

March 10. Walked out three miles to airport pulling sled because road drifted in by high winds. Dug plane out after some effort. Flew directly 300 miles to Fairbanks over Chugach Range at 12,000 feet—beautiful sight, but wouldn't want to have to land there.

March 12. Round trip to Nenana returning Miss Aubrey and Miss Webb to Mission after Miss Aubrey had come in for conference about serving temporarily as Supt. of hospital at Fort Yukon.

March 14. Flew to Nenana with my family for visitation there over 15th for services—family returned to Fairbanks on train Sunday night.

March 16. Flew to Minto with Mr. Harriot and nurse Aubrey. 1:00 p.m. Evening Prayer, Confirmation and Sermon. Remained over while Miss Aubrey did some medical work. Flew to Nenana then to Fairbanks with Miss Aubrey and Mrs. Jacobs of the St. Mark's Mission.

March 17. Round trip to Fort Yukon (300 miles) to take Miss Aubrey to assume her duties as Superintendent of the hospital in the absence of a doctor.

March 22. Round trip to Fort Yukon with Dr. Kaisch, Fairbanks doctor, who is giving his time for a one-day clinic at the hospital on his day off (one every two weeks!). On return trip dropped the Rev. Mr. Elliott of Fort Yukon for a visit in Beaver.

March 28. Flew to Eagle. On the way landed on Yukon River near Woodchopper where there is a wrecked plane. Assisted Gordon Mitchell, mechanic, to patch up ship and helped him get off to Fairbanks—went on to Eagle. Mission there vacant just now.

March 29. Three services and a baptism at St. John's and St. Paul's Churches, Eagle and Eagle village.

March 30. Weathered in Eagle.

March 31. Flew 200 miles to Fairbanks over as rough a range of mountains as you'll see anywhere.

April 2. Flew directly non-stop with the three children and Shirley 450 miles to Anvik for my regular visitation. Since the mission is manned by my own two sisters, this was a happy occasion for us. The same afternoon with my sister, Almeria, we flew to Holikachuk. Tried to take Mrs. Gordon and Billy also but snow too soft and sticky to get off the river on skis with load. 8:00 p.m., St. Paul's Holikachuk, Evening Prayer, Confirmation and Sermon.

April 3. 10:00 a.m. Holy Communion and sermon, Holikachuk, also a baptism. Flew to Shageluk (20 miles) just ahead of a bad snowstorm. 4:30 p.m. Shageluk, St. Luke's Chapel: Dedicated this new little log chapel,

celebrated Holy Communion. Later baptized two children and officiated at a wedding.

April 4. Flew to Anvik.

April 5. Easter Day: Officated at two services in Christ Church.

April 6. Flew to Fairbanks—nobody airsick, thank goodness!

April 8. Round trip to Fort Yukon to take Sanitation Engineer to advise us on sewer system and water supply for hospital.

April 10. Flew to Ketchikan with Pan American (900 miles) for Clergy Conference and visitations at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Petersburg, Juneau and Skagway.

April 28. Returned to Fairbanks.

May 3. Round trip to Fort Yukon with Dr. Kaisch for clinic—first trip with plane on wheels this year.

May 6. Celebrated my birthday by flying to Allakaket and back (400 miles) to check up on possible quarters for a Territorial school teacher there next year when we turn the school from the mission to the Territory. Also took along 750 pounds of supplies for the mission—mostly gasoline, since there are no boats making the Koyukuk run now and all supplies must be flown in.

May 8-19. In States on speaking tour in Nebraska and Wisconsin.

May 24. Flew to Eagle early in the morning. 11:00 a.m. Holy Communion and Sermon, St. John's. 7:30 p.m. Evening Prayer and Sermon, St. Paul's. Returned to Fairbanks via Fort Yukon to pick up the Rev. Norman Elliott. Flying down the Yukon a little tough because it was directly into the setting sun (10:00 p.m.) home 1 a.m.

May 25. Round trip to Circle Hot Springs with others for dinner.

May 27. Spent five hours flying in Cosna River area in search of missing helicopter.

May 30. Flew to Anchorage at 13,000 feet direct. Services there and at Fort Richardson and Elmendorf Field. Later in week flew to Kodiak for services at Naval Base by military transportation.

June 4. Flew "Blue Box" back to Fairbanks.

June 7. Flew with Dr. Kaisch to Tanana. 11:00 a.m. Holy Communion and Sermon. Left immediately after for Fort Yukon so that Dr. Kaisch could have a clinic. Also on this trip got Dr. Milo Fitz of Anchorage started on a wonderful flying trip in his plane to many of our missions for medical treatment. 8:00 p.m. Returned to Fairbanks with Dr. Kaisch. Flew 500 miles today.

June 9. Round trip to Fort Yukon at 9:00 p.m. Took Huntington Roberts who will be working at Fort Yukon this summer—also Chaplain Hutchins of Fort Richardson for a brief visit at the mission.

June 10. Five Seminarians arrived on the morning Pan American plane. Left in the afternoon for Tanana with Miss Else Smithcors where she will serve this summer. Flew on to Huslia (130 miles) taking Dr. Persons of the Tanana hospital along. Tough trip because of low clouds and rain, but made it OK. Dropped Mr. Donald Gardner with his baggage and a supply of food. He will serve here this summer. Dr. Persons examined sick child and we brought child back to Tanana hospital for medical attention. Remained over night in Tanana because of weather.

June 11. Flew to Fairbanks, picked up Sandy Ogilby and Phil Jerauld. Flew to Tanacross (170 miles) where we got food supplies for Sandy and then to Tetlin where he will be station for this summer. Flew back to Tanacross, picked up Phil, then 125 miles to Eagle on the Yukon where Phil was deposited to take up his summer residence, with a food supply also, then returned to Fairbanks, arriving 1:00 a.m. Flew 700 miles today but good to get these men settled in their work.

June 18. Flew to Allakaket for regular visitation. Took along Miss Myers my secretary, for visit there—also 600 pounds of freight and some fresh meat

and vegetables for Miss Hill and Miss Kay.

June 19. With Miss Hill and Miss Kay, the staff of the mission at Allakaket, I flew to Huslia (150 miles down river). Warmly greeted there by Don Gardner, our summer Seminarian. Everyone delighted to see Miss Hill and Miss Kay who have not been in this area for fifteen years. Yet it was hard for all to say goodbye, knowing that both ladies would be retiring this summer from the work that Miss Hill has cared for so many years. Huslia: Celebrated Holy Communion and baptized three children, then flew 75 miles to Hughes where the ladies were warmly greeted again by friends of many years. 7:00 p.m. Celebrated Holy Communion and baptized two children, then flew back to Allakaket.

June 20. Flew from Allakaket 100 miles ot Tanana Hospital to take a sick patient. While at Tanana was told by doctor there that she would take elderly woman ill with TB at Huslia for X-ray along with her two small adopted children, so flew 260 miles round trip to bring Molly John and her two children in to hospital at Tanana. Also took Don Gardner some freight (food) at the same time. Then returned to Allakaket just ten minutes before time for the service of Evening Prayer and Sermon and five baptisms. Flew 460 miles today, but was very glad to get these patients to the hospital.

June 21. Two services in St. John's-in-the-Wilderness and returned to Fairbanks late in evening. Miss Hill tried to dissuade us from taking off in a high wind, but it wasn't tough and the wind behind us took us 200 miles in an hour and twenty minutes.

June 22. The local hospital called me at 5 a.m. to tell me that Mrs. Tom Leight, wife of our maintenance man at Fort Yukon, was facing an immediate unexpected premature delivery in the midst of a case of measles and would like her husband (in Fort Yukon) with her. Was in the air in 30 minutes and was back in Fairbanks with Mr. Leight by 9:00 a.m. The baby was born alive after Mr. Leight arrived, but died shortly thereafter.

June 23. The Rev. Joseph G. Moore and the Rev. Edward M. Turner of the National Council Survey Team arrived to journey with me to every mission in the Interior for evaluation work. 1:00 p.m. Took off in the Blue Box for Pt. Hope. Encountered bad weather in the Tozi Flats and went on in to Tanana to begin the survey there instead.

June 25. Took off from Tanana with Dr. Moore and Mr. Turner. In refueling at Tanana I accidentally left behind my gasoline funnel with a chamois strainer that separates any water that might happen to be in the gasoline. Uneventful four-hour trip into Kotzebue. Refueled there but had to borrow funnel and strainer from local pilot. Refueled from gas drums in Kotzebue. 12:30 p.m. Took off from Kotzebue field with Dr. Moore and Mr. Turner for Point Hope. 300 ft. off the ground the engine of the "Blue Box" spit and died and we had to land anywhere we could. I headed her straight for the nearest dry land—we were over a small lagoon, and got the wheels down on the end of a small emergency strip but did not have enough altitude to turn into the field and so went ninety degrees across it into the soft tundra and headed for a graveyard, conveniently located. Just short of there the wheels dug in and the plane went casually over on its back—upending us all. Mr. Turner did not receive a scratch, nor did I. Dr. Moore had a severe gash in the top of his head when he struck the button on the overhead light, but the doctor at the Kotzebue hospital sewed it up and released him the next day. The Blue Box was badly damaged to the tune of $2,000.00 but we were all thankful it was no worse. Discovered much water in the tanks and also found out the chamois strainer we used was definitely no good, so water was the culprit. I will know what to look for next time. Returned to Fairbanks same afternoon by commercial airlines and sent word to Norman Elliott at Fort Yukon to bring the old Pacer into town for me to use. He arrived shortly after I did so I'm not without wings.

Missions and Staff

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox Miss Else Smithcors
Cordova	St. George's	m. Valdez
Eagle	St. Paul's St. John's	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Gordon T. Charlton Mr. Page H. Kent
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert The Rev. Albert E. Tritt Mr. Ned Thomas
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N. Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N. Miss Mary O. Hayes, R.N. Miss Elizabeth Klemm Mr. Grafton Bergman
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. John K. Watkins
	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot Miss Martha I. Webb Mrs. Dorothea S. Jacobs, R.N. Mr. Jan Wendland Mr. Fred Mueller Miss Carol Strathman
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	m. Wrangell
Pt. Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Roy Vincent
Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Skagway	St. Saviour's	m. Juneau
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

In addition to the missions listed above, and as opportunity offers, members of the staff hold services at the following stations:

Annette Island	Chalkitsik	Kotzebue	Palmer
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Minto	Shageluk
Beaver	Hologachaket	Rampart	Stevens Village
Big Delta	Hot Springs	Pt. Lay	Tetlin
Bettles	Hughes	Mt. Edgecumbe	Venetie
Circle	Huslia	Noatak	Wrangell Institute
Coschacket	Kenai	Nome	

THE SEAL OF THE MISSIONARY DISTRICT OF ALASKA
1895